



Ever since I was little, I have wanted to be an intern. I went to church with Lynn and Sugar and would hear the testimonies from the Internship, which always made me hope to be one of them someday. As I got older, I was less and less sure that it would fit into the plan I had for my life. When I graduated high school, God opened up a door for me with my job; and I knew it was a blessing only God could give. So, I felt confident that was where I was supposed to be. However, it was full-time and hard to get time off.

When January 2022 rolled around, I went to the Book of Mormon retreat as usual. The whole time I was there, everyone kept asking me if I planned to do the Internship this year. I always told them my job wouldn't allow me to take six weeks off, to which they all said something along the lines of, "God has worked miracles for others, he can do the same for you."

I always nodded my head or agreed with them, but internally thought, "Yeah, but not for me."

We were sitting in our last class of the retreat, and I felt very strongly that I needed to try to be in the Internship this summer. This completely scared me because it is very difficult to get time off at work, much less for six weeks! However, I convinced myself there was no harm in asking and gained the courage to start discussing it with my coworkers. At first, some were pretty doubtful that we could make it work, which made me feel somewhat hopeless. However, I had a coworker who told me she would do whatever she could to get me in the Internship.

I went to my boss to discuss this, and the conversation started out with a reminder that I had really given away my freedom to do the Internship when I took my job. However, by the end of the conversation, she told me that if I could find the coverage I needed for that time, she would be fine with it. I was SO excited and filled with a new sense of hope.

As the deadline for applying approached, I started to worry again that I wouldn't be able to make it work. Many were praying for me, that God's will would be done. Then, my part-time coworker told me that she had talked to her husband and babysitter and worked things out so she could cover me for the summer. I was so grateful to God for providing a way, and I'm so thankful to my coworker for sacrificing her summer for me.

Through all of this, I have learned to trust God no matter what. To me, it was a miracle that God worked in my life. Where He closes a door, He may open a window. So, if you want to make God laugh, tell Him about your plans.